Numb. 6

The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Discoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Passages, and Remarkable Transactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Wednesday February the 9th. to Valentine's day, 1698.

Cornhill, Feb. 11.

TWo Brisk Sparks, 'Prentices to a famous Linnen-Draper, near *Gresham's* Royal Walls, fearful of *over heating* their *Rustling Poles* in the *Oven* of *Iniquity*, and yet willing to *revel* in the *Tents* of *Love*, concluded betwixt 'em to hire a Beautiful *Lais* for their own proper *Occupation*; accordingly, a plump *Lancashire*-siz'd Damsel (lately ariv'd from *Buckinghamshire*) was pitch'd upon, and a Contract made for the annual Stipend of *thirty good Pounds*, which was piece-meal to be rack'd from their *Morning* and *Evening Draughts*. Pursuant to all this, little less than a *Rosamonds Bower*, was fram'd to fence the fair Captive (for now she must so be) against all Vulgar *Attacks* and *Batteries*. She was not to *walk forth* without their *Approbation*, nor they to *Cultivate her Soyl* more than each their Night interchangeably; of which a fair *Signal* was to be made. The *Girl* received her *Earnest Penny*, which was one half, viz: *Fifteen pounds* down, and indeed for it the first Night *Sweetly caress'd* the Spark who by *fortunate Lot* was to take *possession*, at Bed time Hour, (for he durst *stay* no longer) he parted from his *Dalilah*; and, coming home, acquainted his *Swagar-Brother* that they had got a very Jolly *Penny Worth*, for the *Lass* was all *Love* and *Charms*; which made the other *Spark*, very uneasy till the happy *Assignation minute* came, in which he thought to *revel* in all the *Delights* of *Love*: But, poor Lad! instead of a *Sweet Mistress*, Cramm'd into the Key-hole of the Door, like a Lawyer's Dinner Ticket, he found this *Blunt* and *Sour Satyr*.

For your small pence *I'll never* live *in* Jayl,
Go seek a Trull *that can* divide *her* Tail.
One half *I've* pleas'd, *and I* one half *am* paid,
Rest will content *ere* publick Scoffs *you're made*

By a Letter sent to our Office Feb. 7th. *we receiv'd the following Advice*? A Topp-heavy, Joulter-headed Blade, that carries more Sale on His Head, than he hath Ballast in his Body to Counterpoize it with, warmly (but with very rough Spun, Complements) made *Love* to the Daughter of a very Rich Tub-Thumper, one indeed, to outward Appearance, truly *Angelical*, but she not approving the Tony's Acquirements with a *Earthly Voice*, in a scornful way, told him he was a *Weather-Headed Fellow*, which was took in such evil part, that in her own fine starch'd Language he made this Reply, *Friend, he that made this Head, will not learn to make Heads of thee*, withall after a little pause adding, *I have a little Mony*, right Quoth the Demure Lady, Scoffingly impeding his Discourse: *Nay*, quoth he, *interrupt me not, I say, I have a little Money that will make amends for the Want of Brains; yea and such mony too as is the very Cream of the Cash.* This gilded Rhetorick made such a deep Impression on her seeming Sanctities Adamantine Heart, that forthwith she chang'd her note to, *may it please your Worship.* By which we learn, gold is the most perswading Rhetorick, and therefore advize all puny Batchelors rather to line their Fobbs with Guinies, than their noddles with refined Compliments, tho of the newest Academy So true is the old Distick.

This mighty Monarch, *Money*, to us sends
Fair Wives, great Passions, Reputation, Friends.
This, makes us *Noble*, tho' our *Births* be Base
And gives our *Persons Comliness*, and *Grace.*

Paul's-Wharf, Feb. 10, A well-set Fellow of very good natural parts, having a broad back and stocky leg, with all the symptoms of Virility, finding how many new Opinions are daily tapp'd in the World, by such as carry on their interest and designs under pretence of Conscience and Religion; and yet not having invention enough to think of any New Fangle that might take with the people, for the sake of a little advantage, he furnish'd up an old antiquated Opinion, and turn'd *Adamite*; away he run with it from this place to his own Habitation, and, 'tis true, he had a great many followers, but they were all of the *Masculine-Gender*, The Women, those zealous Bavins, that kindle Schism in a Nation, they shun'd him, one Lady claps on her Vizor-Masque, another holds her hands before her eyes, and through her Fingers takes the satisfaction she pretends to deny herself; but an eminent *Muggletonian* meeting with this uncouth kind of Innovator, about *Alders-gate*, concludes him an Impostor, damns him to the pit of Hell, and swearing bloodily that he could be no other than the second Edition of *Naked Truth*, he gave him, beside the Lash of his Tongue, a good swinging Strappado over the blind Cheeks; and desired him in the next Edition to correct the Errata he had imprinted

imprinted on the back-ſide of the Title.

Barbican, Feb. 13. This Evening the youngeſt Prentice of an honeſt Joyner, coming home ſomething late at Night, his Maſter ask'd him where he had been. *At the Evening Lecture, Sir* (quoth he) *Well*, ſaid the Maſter, (thinking to trap him) *Where was the Text, Sirrah*; indeed Sir (*Reply'd the Boy*,) I do not remember the Text, but yet I retain ſomething of the Sermon. *What, Prithee*, (ſaid the Maſter) why truly the Parſon talk'd much of *Love* and *Hatred*: *Love* he told us came from above and was the Badge of *Happineſs*; but *Hatred* aroſe from below; and was of the Devil, the father of Miſchief; nay, more than this the Miniſter ſaid, Love *made a very Heaven upon Earth*: And really, Sir, *ſaid the Boy*, I was much wrapt up in the Expreſſions well knowing our family was all *Love*, and conſequently a *Heaven upon Earth*. How do you make that out, *ſaid the Maſter, why truly Sir, you Kiſs the Maid, and my Fellow Prentice Kiſſes my Miſtreſs, and I Kiſs, the Child.*

Old-Street, Feb. 12. An honeſt Drunken *Vulcan*, who had been often troubled with a watchful and induſtrious *Venus*, that made it the greateſt part of her buſineſs to dog her Husband from Tap-houſe to little Hovel of Brandy, as carefully as a Bayliffs Follower hunts a decay'd Debtor; promiſed at laſt, upon the earneſt entreaties of his Spouſe, to become a new man, and to mind his Old Iron concerns. To this purpoſe he call'd to mind an old ſuit of ruſty armour that had been at *Tilbury-Camp*, and was left with him to be fitted up againſt ſome notable and dangerous Encounter in the *Artillery-ground*; this he pretended to go to work upon, and therefore calling his wife, he deſired that he might buckle it about her, the better to ſee what was amiſs: at laſt having arm'd her Cap-a-pee, and being a little frolickſome with a Cup of Ale he had in his head, he gave her a broad ſword in her hand, and bid her defend her ſelf, which ſhe did ſo ſtoutly, that at laſt ſhe put poor *Vulcan* to the run, for to ſay truth, he had no more mind to work then a Thief or a Begger; ſo that taking his opportunity, when he knew his Tormentor could not (or at leaſt thought ſhe would not) follow him, away he ſlips to one of his old-haunts but ſhe preſently ſmoak'd it out & ran into the ſtreet, where with her *Stentorian* voice, & her *Martial* appearance ſhe preſently drew a great concourſe about her, who had all their ſeveral conceptions of ſo uncouth a ſpectacle; ſome took her for *Aſtræa* the Goddeſs of Juſtice, but that ſhe wanted a pair of Scales: other of the wittier ſort, ſaid ſhe looked like the Picture of *Hobs's Leviathan*: but a careful Conſtable thought 'twas no jeſting matter, and had undoubtedly carried her before a Juſtice of Peace for a Fifth-Monarchy-man, but that ſhe ſhew'd him her place of Habitation, and brought a Neighbour or two to witneſs that ſhe had never practic'd the uſe of any Weapon before, but the Ladle and Scummer.

Barnet, Feb. 10*th*. *Two Graſiers having been at* London *where they had taken a conſiderable quantity of Mony, returning home, at this Place, met with a very jolly Traveller, with whom, being to lig together, they went to Cards, and loſt greateſt part of their Coin, to regain which they played the following Prank, thus Poetically related, and ſent to our Office*, viz.

THree Perſons here gaming hard one Night,
When much Was Won and Loſt by Candle-light?
He that had Won the moſt, began to ſay
'Twas time to go to Bed and leave off Play:
But his companions urg'd to Play on ſtill,
He being obſtinate would have his will
And go to Bed; they ſtill their Gaming keep,
Till they perceive him to be faſt Aſleep,
Then cauſely the Candle they put out,
And cloſe the Windows, curtains, round about
So that there could no light at all be ſeen,
They talk, as if they ſtill had Gaming been:
Then ſuch a Wrangling and a Noiſe they keep,
That wak'd the other Perſon out of ſleep;
Who looking upwards, and no Light perceiving,
Asks them if they were of their Wits bereaven,
To play without a Light? They talk of play,
As if they heeded not what he did ſay;
Therefore he ſits up. and begins to doubt,
And rubs his Eyes as if he'd rub them out:
But now he's ſerious, being quite awake
He doth intreat them both for *pitty ſake*
To tell him whether they had any Light?
Either they had not, or he had no Sight.
We thank you for your Jeſts, kind Friend, quoth they
You well may Jeer, for you have Won to day,
I do not Jeer good Sirs, I do proteſt!
I pray come neer and ſee I do not Jeſt.
So up they riſe, and to his Bed-ſide go,
And ask him, do you See us now or no?
What don't you us perceive? look here we ſtand!
Nor don't you ſee the Candle in my hand!
Not I in truth, nor any thing can ſee;
His Eyes do ſeem as good as others be:
Hearing which words, the Gameſter wept full ſore,
O Lord, ſaith he, I never ſhall ſee more.
This is ſome Judgment ſure from Heaven above
Becauſe that Gameing I ſo much did love.
My Breeches reach, your Mony back I'le give,
For why, I think I have not long to Live.
Here take it all! I'm ſure there's every Stake;
His fellows glad, their Plot ſo right did take;
They reach the Tinder-box, a Candle light,
The Blind-man forthwith did recover Sight.

Divertiſements.

RHime without Reaſon; *or the Art of* Crambo: *inſtructing a man how to write a very taking Play without a Dram of ſence in it. Sold by* Zenacharib Dog'rel, *at the Sign of the* Catharine-Wheel, *next door to the Muſes Looking-glaſs-makers, upon* Parnaſſus *Hill*: *Price*, 1*s*.

PIllulæ Morbiferæ, *or an Antidote againſt health, being a rare compoſition of thoſe three famous ingredients*, Mercury, Arſnick, *and* Aſſa-fætida; *one of theſe pills taken at any time of the day or night will infallibly cure you of all diſeaſes. They are made up ſeverally, only one in a box, ſealed with three deaths heads, and ſold at the ſign of the Rat-catcher, in dead-mans-place, price your life.*

SIR Rake-Hell, Skim-Devil, *or ſixty in the hundred*: *A Comedy, as it has been acted for ſeveral years with little or no applauſe, by the moſt ſubſtantial Pawn-Brokers about the town, with ſeveral poor people dancing after them in borrow'd habits.*

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